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MARGARET, *DUTCHESS of NEWCASTLE.*

Publish'd 10 Aug.t 1799 by S. Harding 127 Pall Mall.

A TRUE RELATION

OF THE

Birth, Breeding, and Life,

OF

MARGARET CAVENDISH,

DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE.

WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

WITH A

Critical Preface, &c.

97384

BY

SIR EGERTON BRYDGES, M.P.

"What taste, and elegance, and genius does,
Still savours something greater than its place,
However low, or high." *Shakesp.*
"Though Fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chase a virtuous pair, no jot of power
Hath she to change their loves." *Ibid.*

KENT:

Printed at the private Press of Lee Priory;

BY JOHNSON AND WARWICK.

1814.

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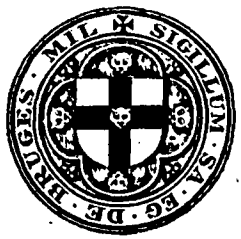
THIS MEMOIR

OF

MARGARET CAVENDISH,

Duchess of Newcastle,



EDITED BY

SIR EGERTON BRYDGES, M.P.

IS

THE THIRD PUBLICATION, IN OCTAVO,

PRINTED AT

The private Press of Lee Priory, Kent.

The Impression is limited as usual to One Hundred Copies.

TO

EDWARD UTTERSON, Esq.

BARRISTER AT LAW,

IN

RETURN FOR LITERARY FAVOURS RECEIVED,

AND AS A

TESTIMONY OF REGARD AND RESPECT,

THIS MEMOIR

IS DEDICATED,

BY

SAMUEL EGERTON BRYDGES.

March 18, 1814.

ADVERTISEMENT.

HE Life of Margaret Lucas, second wife of William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, is extracted from her Folio Volume, entitled, "Nature's Pictures drawn by Fancy's Pencil," *of which a copy of the Title is to be found in the next leaf.*

This Volume is accompanied by the celebrated, very rare, and exquisite print of the Duke and his Family, by Diepenbeck.

Nature's Pictures

DRAWN BY

FANCY'S PENCIL

TO THE LIFE.

WRITTEN BY THE

THRICE NOBLE, ILLUSTRIOUS, AND EXCELLENT PRINCESS,

The LADY MARCHIONESS of NEWCASTLE.

In this Volume there are several feigned Stories of Natural Descriptions, as Comical, Tragical, and Tragi-comical, Poetical, Romancical, Philosophical and Historical, both in Prose and Verse, some all Verse, some all Prose, some mixt, partly Prose, and partly Verse. Also, there are some Morals, and some Dialogues; but they are as the advantage, Loaves of Bread as a Baker's Dozen; and a true Story at the latter End, wherein there is no feigning.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY J. MARTIN AND J. ALLESTRYE, AT THE BELL,

IN SAINT PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

1656.

PREFACE.

AUTO-BIOGRAPHY is so attractive, that in whatever manner it is executed, it seldom fails both to entertain and instruct. The Memoirs of *Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle*, written by herself, appear to me very eminently to possess this double merit. Whether they confirm or refute the character of the literary and moral qualities of her Grace given by Lord Orford, I must leave the reader to judge. The simplicity by which they are marked will, in minds constituted like that of the noble critic, seem to approximate to folly: others, less inclined to sarcasm, and less infected with an artificial taste, will probably think far otherwise.

That the Duchess was deficient in a cultivated judgment; that her knowledge was more multifarious than exact; and that her powers of fancy and sentiment were more active than her powers of reasoning, I will admit: but that her productions, mingled as they are with great absurdities, are wanting either in talent, or in virtue, or even in genius, I cannot concede.

There is an ardent ambition, which may

perhaps itself be considered to prove superiority of intellect. "I fear my ambition," says the Duchess, "inclines to vain-glory; for I am very ambitious; yet 'tis neither for beauty, wit, titles, wealth, or power, but as they are steps to raise me to Fancy's Tower, which is to live by remembrance in after-ages!" In another place she exhibits traits of herself, such as generally accompany genius. "I was addicted," her Grace observes, "from my childhood to contemplation, rather than conversation; to solitariness, rather than society; to melancholy rather than mirth; to write with the pen than to work with the needle, passing my time with harmless fancies, their company being pleasing, their conversation innocent, in which I take such pleasure, as I neglect my health; for it is as great a grief to neglect their society, as a joy to be in their company." Again, she says: "my disposition is more inclining to melancholy than merry; but not crabbed or peevish melancholy, but soft, melting, solitary, and contemplating melancholy; and I am apt to weep rather than laugh."

Perhaps, however, it will be impossible to

acquit the Duchess of vanity, as well as ambition, if it be vanity to indulge a too general and indiscriminate love of distinction; and to expatiate with too much minuteness about oneself. Some of these minutiæ now afford amusement, arising from other pretensions than those with which they were written.

Her Grace was the companion of the Duke's misfortunes, the solace of his exile, the sharer of his poverty. In these gloomy days she had less opportunity of being acquainted with the splendour of courts, and the characters and manners of men eminent on the theatre of practical life, than with the scenes and actions of her own lonely imagination. We do not, therefore, find this Memoir full of anecdote, or history, or political delineation. It is all domestic; and this domestic painting is its charm.

If the Duchess herself were out of the question, it is not uninteresting to have such a circumstantial account of the rest of the noble family of Lucas. Whether their mode of life be considered as common to others of their rank, or peculiar to themselves, the picture is pleasing

and instructive. The mother's character excites respect and affection. The bursting of the storms of civil war upon those days of peace, and virtue, and plenty, which smiled so treacherously on the youth of the Duchess, is truly affecting. "In such misfortunes," says her Grace, "my mother was of an heroic spirit, in suffering patiently where there is no remedy; or to be industrious where she thought she could help. She was of a grave behaviour, and had such a majestic grandeur, as it were continually hung about her, that it would strike a kind of awe to the beholders, and command respect from the rudest." "She lived to see the ruin of her children, in which was her ruin, and then died!"—"Not only the family I am linked to is ruined, but the family from which I sprung by these unhappy wars."

At pp. 11 and 12, the Duchess has given with exquisite *naïvetè* the account of her own going into the world, as maid of honour to the Queen, when the Court was at Oxford, and her subsequent attachment and marriage to the Duke, then Marquis of Newcastle. Not long after their marriage, the loss of the battle of

Marston-moor drove them into exile. They moved from Paris to Holland, whence necessity forced the Duchess to come to England to solicit relief out of the Duke's immense estates, which the prevailing Powers had seized.

Her Grace remained a year and half in England, during which she wrote her "*Poems;*" and her "*Philosophical Fancies;*" to which she made large additions after she returned abroad. After her return also she wrote the volume from which this "*Life*" is extracted; and another book. Her "*World's Olio*" was, for the most part, written before she went to England.

In this exile, and under the disappointment of her ineffectual efforts for relief, she says, "Heaven hitherto hath kept us, and though Fortune hath been cross, yet we do submit, and are both content with what is, and cannot be mended; and are so prepared, that the worst of fortunes shall not afflict our minds, so as to make us unhappy, howsoever it doth pinch our lives with poverty; for, if tranquillity lives in an honest mind, the mind lives in peace, although the body suffer."

What can be more amiable and virtuous, than a resort to the consolations of literature in such a state? After the enjoyment of high and flattering rank, and splendid fortune, noble is the spirit that will not be broken by the gripe of Poverty, the expulsion from home, and kindred, and friends, and the desertion of the world! Under the blighting gloom of such oppression to create wealth and a kingdom "within the mind," shews an intellectual energy, which ought not to be defrauded of its praise.

After the Restoration, peace and affluence once more shone upon them amid the long-lost domains of the Duke's vast hereditary property. Welbeck opened her gates to her Lord; and the castles of the North received with joy their heroic chieftain, whose maternal ancestors, the baronial house of OGLE, had ruled over them for centuries in Northumberland. But Age had now made the Duke desirous only of repose; and her Grace, the faithful companion of his fallen fortunes, was little disposed to quit the luxurious quiet of rural grandeur, which was as soothing to her disposition, as it was concordant with

her duty. To such a pair the noisy and intoxicated joy of a profligate court would probably have been a thousand times more painful than all the wants of their late chilling, but calm, poverty. They came not, therefore, to palaces and levees; but amused themselves in the country with literature and the arts. This solitary state, this innocent magnificence, seems to have afforded contempt and jests to the sophisticated mob of dissolute wits, who crowded round King Charles II. These momentary buzzers in the artificial sunshine of the regal presence, probably thought that they, who having the power to mix, with superior wealth, in the busy scenes of high life, could prefer the insipid charms of lonely Nature, were only fit to be the butt of their ridicule! It is probable that the memory of these witticisms might not have entirely faded before the early years of the late Lord Orford, who might have caught the mantle of these spritely oracles, and have pronounced on the poor Duchess's character and amusements in a similar tone!

Still I must not permit myself to be so far

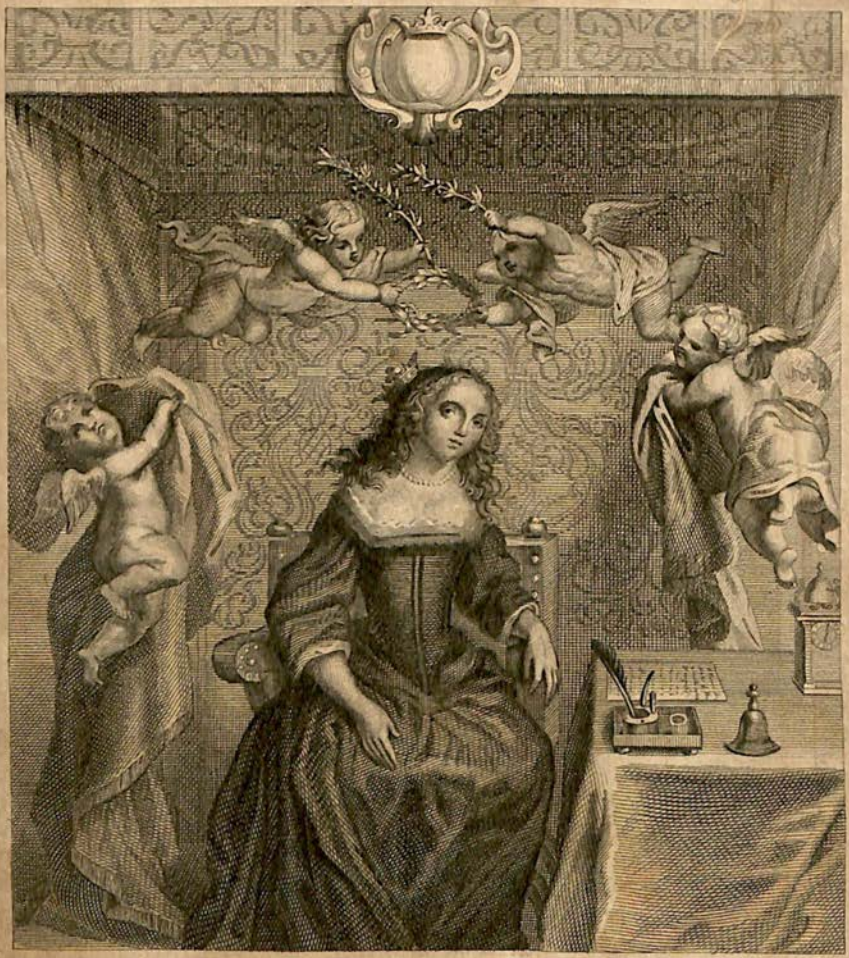
heated by my subject, as to surrender the advantages of a just but candid discrimination. Her Grace had, as I conceive, talents, as well as virtues, which raised her above the multitude, much higher than her rank. Her powers, with the aid of a little more arrangement, of something more of scholastic polish, and of a moderate exertion of maturer judgment, might have produced writings, which posterity would have esteemed both for their instruction and amusement. But I must admit that she wanted the primary qualities of genius. She was neither sublime nor pathetic. She had not the talent of seizing that *selection* of circumstances, of touching by a few single strokes those chords, which, through the force of association in our ideas, calls up at once whole pictures! Imitators, and they whose poetical faculties are not genuine, multiply images, by which, while they think they are excelling their models, they destroy the whole charm.

Her Grace wanted taste; she knew not what to obtrude, and what to leave out. She pours forth every thing with an undistinguishing

hand, and mixes the serious, the colloquial, and even the vulgar, in a manner which cannot be defended. In the "*Life*," however, now reprinted, this great fault is less apparent than in any other of her compositions.

But we must not compare these compositions with the more refined exactness of later times. In those days what female writer was there, who could endure the critical acumen of the present period? Who now reads Mrs. Katharine Phillips, better known by her poetical name of *Orinda*? And Mrs. Behn, who lived somewhat later, is more remarkable for her licentiousness, than for any better quality. Even of Mrs. Killegrew, the encomium bestowed by Dr. Johnson[a] is generally thought to be undeserved. The Countess of Pembroke, Lady Carew, Lady Wrothe, and a few others succeeded; but their productions are now unnoticed, except by a few black-letter literati.

[a] In "*The Life of Dryden.*"



Margaret Dutchess of Newcastle.

Published June 1.1800 by J.Richardson N°31 Strand

A TRUE RELATION

OF MY

BIRTH, BREEDING, AND LIFE.

BY MARGARET, DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE.

MY father was a gentleman, which title is grounded and given by merit, not by princes; and 'tis the act of Time,[a] not favour: and though my father was not a peer of the realm, yet there were few peers who had much greater estates, or lived more noble therewith: yet at that time great titles were to be sold,[b] and not at so high rates, but that his estate might have easily purchased, and was prest for to take; but my father did not esteem

[a] This remark, and something like this expression, had been already used by Lord Bacon, with regard to old nobility. If rank, station, or wealth, obtained by a low man, were commonly the result of merit, the newest honours would be the most worthy of respect; but as it is too often otherwise, and wealth *is* more apt to follow narrow cunning, and perhaps fraud, than generous industry or skill, and titles, instead of being the recompense of generally-admitted worth or talents, too often flow from an individual act of whim or interest by a corrupt Minister, the distinctions which have been created by Time, are, on the whole, more worthy of esteem and admiration, than those which favour has procured to the present possessor.

[b] This relates to the reign of King James. The fact is a matter of general, not secret history, and may be found even in the pages of Hume, which are generally deficient in minute details.

titles, unless they were gained by heroic actions; and the kingdom being in a happy peace with all other nations, and in itself being governed by a wise king, King James, there was no employments for heroic spirits; and towards the latter end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, as soon as he came to man's estate, he unfortunately, fortunately killed one Mr. Brooks in a single duel; for my father by the laws of honour could do no less than call him to the field, to question him for an injury he did him, where their swords were to dispute, and one or both of their lives to decide the argument, wherein my father had the better; and though my father by honour challenged him, with valour fought him, and in justice killed him, yet he suffered more than any person of quality usually doth in cases of honour; for though the laws be rigorous, yet the present Princes most commonly are gratious in those misfortunes, especially to the injured: but my father found it not, for his exile was from the time of his misfortunes to Queen Elizabeth's death; for the Lord Cobham[c] being then a great man with Queen Elizabeth, and this gentle-

[c] This was the Lord Cobham, whose subsequent misfortunes, condemnation, loss of estate, long imprisonment, and death in miserable poverty, as a Principal in what is called *Raleigh's Plot*, have been too often related to need repetition. See more especially "*Memoirs of King James's Peers*," 8vo. 1804. It seems astonishing, though the fact stands on various authorities, that Cobham, weak as he was both in head and heart, should ever have been a favourite of the bold and magnanimous Queen.

man, Mr. Brooks, a kind of a favourite, and as I take it brother to the then Lord Cobham, which made Queen Elizabeth so severe, not to pardon him: but King James of blessed memory graciously gave him his pardon, and leave to return home to his native country, wherein he lived happily, and died peaceably, leaving a wife and eight children, three sons, and five daughters, I being the youngest child he had, and an infant when he died.

As for my breeding, it was according to my birth, and the nature of my sex; for my birth was not lost in my breeding; for as my sisters was, or had been bred, so was I in plenty, or rather with superfluity; likewise we were bred virtuously, modestly, civilly, honourably, and on honest principles: as for plenty, we had not only for necessity, conveniency, and decency, but for delight and pleasure to a superfluity; 'tis true we did not riot, but we lived orderly; for riot, even in kings' courts and princes' palaces, brings ruin without content or pleasure, when order in less fortunes shall live more plentifully and deliciously than princes, that live in a hurly-burly, as I may term it, in which they are seldom well served, for disorder obstructs; besides, it doth disgust life, distract the appetites, and yield no true relish to the senses; for pleasure, delight, peace and felicity, live in method and temperance.

As for our garments, my mother did not only delight

to see us neat and cleanly, fine and gay, but rich and costly; maintaining us to the height of her estate, but not beyond it; for we were so far from being in debt, before these wars, as we were rather before-hand with the world; buying all with ready money, not on the score; for although after my father's death the estate was divided between my mother and her sons, paying such a sum of money for portions to her daughters, either at the day of their marriage, or when they should come of age; yet by reason she and her children agreed with a mutual consent, all their affairs were managed so well, as she lived not in a much lower condition than when my father lived; 'tis true, my mother might have increased her daughters portions by a thrifty sparing, yet she chose to bestow it on our breeding, honest pleasures, and harmless delights, out of an opinion, that if she bred us with needy necessity, it might chance to create in us sharking qualities, mean thoughts, and base actions, which she knew my father, as well as herself, did abhor: likewise we were bred tenderly, for my mother naturally did strive to please and delight her children, not to cross and torment them, terrifying them with threats, or lashing them with slavish whips; but instead of threats, reason was used to persuade us, and instead of lashes, the deformities of vice was discovered, and the Graces and Virtues were presented unto us; also we were bred with respectful attendance, every

one being severally waited upon; and all her servants in general used the same respect to her children, (even those that were very young) as they did to herself; for she suffered not her servants either to be rude before us, or to domineer over us, which all vulgar servants are apt, and ofttimes which some have leave to do; likewise she never suffered the vulgar serving-men to be in the nursery among the nurse-maids, lest their rude love-making might do unseemly actions, or speak unhandsome words in the presence of her children, knowing that youth is apt to take infection by ill examples, having not the reason of distinguishing good from bad; neither were we suffered to have any familiarity with the vulgar servants, or conversation: yet caused us to demean ourselves with an humble civility towards them, as they with a dutiful respect to us; not because they were servants were we so reserved; for many noble persons are forced to serve through necessity; but by reason the vulgar sort of servants are as ill bred as meanly born, giving children ill examples and worse counsel.

As for tutors, although we had for all sorts of virtues, as singing, dancing, playing on music, reading, writing, working, and the like, yet we were not kept strictly thereto; they were rather for formality than benefit; for my mother cared not so much for our dancing and fiddling, singing and prating of several languages, as that we should

be bred virtuously, modestly, civilly, honourably, and on honest principles.

As for my brothers, of which I had three, I know not how they were bred; first, they were bred when I was not capable to observe, or before I was born; likewise the breeding of men were after different manner of ways from those of women; but this I know, that they loved Virtue, endeavoured Merit, practised Justice, and spoke Truth; they were constantly loyal, and truly valiant; two of my three brothers were excellent soldiers, and martial disciplliners, being practised therein; for though they might have lived upon their own estates very honourably, yet they rather chose to serve in the wars under the States of Holland, than to live idly at home in peace: my brother, Sir Thomas Lucas, there having a troop of horse; my brother, the youngest, Sir Charles Lucas, serving therein; but he served the States not long, for after he had been at the siege and taking of some towns, he returned home again; and though he had the less experience, yet he was like to have proved the better soldier, if better could have been, for naturally he had a practic genius to the warlike arts, or arts in war, as natural poets have to poetry: but his life was cut off before he could arrive to the perfection thereof; yet he writ "*A Treatise of the Arts in War*," but by reason it was in characters, and the key thereof lost, we cannot as yet understand any thing therein, at

least not so as to divulge it.[d] My other brother, the Lord Lucas, who was heir to my father's estate, and as it were the father to take care of us all, is not less valiant than they were, although his skill in the discipline of war was not so much, being not bred therein, yet he had more skill in the use of the sword, and is more learned in other arts and sciences than they were, he being a great scholar, by reason he is given much to studious contemplation.[e]

Their practice was, when they met together, to exercise themselves with fencing, wrestling, shooting, and such like exercises, for I observed they did seldom hawk or hunt, and very seldom or never dance, or play on music, saying it was too effeminate for masculine spirits; neither had they skill, or did use to play, for ought I could hear, at cards or dice, or the like games, nor given to any vice, as I did know, unless to love a mistress were a crime, not that I know any they had, but what report did say, and usually reports are false, at least exceed the truth.

As for the pastimes of my sisters when they were in the country, it was to read, work, walk, and discourse

[d] See an account of Sir Charles Lucas, in "*Lord Clarendon's History.*"

[e] His descendant and representative, the only surviving daughter of the late Earl of Hardwicke, now enjoys the *Barony of Lucas*, as heir to this brother.

with each other; for though two of my three brothers[f] were married, my brother the Lord Lucas to a virtuous and beautiful lady, daughter to Sir Christopher Nevile, son to the Lord Abergavenny, and my brother Sir Thomas Lucas to a virtuous lady of an ancient family, one Sir John Byron's daughter;[g] likewise, three of my four sisters, one married Sir Peter Killegrew, the other Sir William Walter, the third Sir Edmund Pye, the fourth as yet unmarried, yet most of them lived with my mother,

[f] Sir Thomas Lucas of St. John's, near Colchester, married Mary, daughter of Sir John Fermor of Eston-Neston, in Northamptonshire, by whom he had Thomas Lucas of St. John's, near Colchester, Esq. who by Elizabeth, daughter and coheir of John Leighton of London, Gent. had three sons and five daughters, *viz.*

1. John Lucas of St. John's, near Colchester, afterwards *Lord Lucas*, who married Anne, daughter of Sir Christopher Neville, Kt. younger brother of the Lord Abergavenny, by whom he had John, his son and heir, born about 1624.
2. Sir Thomas Lucas, a captain in London, who married a daughter of Sir John Byron, Kt. by whom he had a son, Thomas.
3. Sir Charles Lucas.
4. Mary, wife of Sir Peter Killegrew, Kt.
5. Anne.
6. Elizabeth, wife of William Walter, Esq.
7. Catherine, wife of Sir Edmund Pye of London, Kt.
8. Margaret, afterwards Duchess of Newcastle.*

Arms. Argent, a fess between six annulets, gules.

[g] Sister to the ancestor of the present Lord Byron; by which must be corrected an error in the new Edition of "*Collins's Peerage*," which states the Duchess to have been the issue of this marriage.

* Harl. MSS. 1542, f. 59.

especially when she was at her country-house, living most commonly at London half the year, which is the Metropolitan city of England:[h] but when they were at London, they were dispersed into several houses of their own, yet for the most part they met every day, feasting each other like Job's children. But this unnatural war came like a whirlwind, which felled down their houses, where some in the wars were crusht to death, as my youngest brother Sir Charles Lucas, and my brother Sir Thomas Lucas; and though my brother Sir Thomas Lucas died not immediately of his wounds, yet a wound he received on his head in Ireland shortened his life.

But to rehearse their recreations. Their customs were in winter time to go sometimes to plays, or to ride in their coaches about the streets to see the concourse and recourse of people; and in the spring time to visit the Spring-garden, Hide-park, and the like places; and sometimes they would have music, and sup in barges upon the water;[i] these harmless recreations they would pass their time away with; for I observed, they did seldom make visits, nor never went abroad with strangers in their company, but only themselves in a flock together agree-

[h] A beautiful picture of family harmony and affection; and curious as shewing the custom of the greater gentry to pass the winter in London even then.

[i] This is also a very curious picture of manners.

ing so well, that there seemed but one mind amongst them: and not only my own brothers and sisters agreed so, but my brothers and sisters in law, and their children, although but young, had the like agreeable natures and affectionable dispositions: for to my best remembrance I do not know that ever they did fall out, or had any angry or unkind disputes. Likewise, I did observe, that my sisters were so far from mingling themselves with any other company, that they had no familiar conversation or intimate acquaintance with the families to which each other were linkt to by marriage, the family of the one being as great strangers to the rest of my brothers and sisters, as the family of the other.

But sometime after this war began, I know not how they lived; for though most of them were in Oxford, wherein the King was, yet after the Queen went from Oxford, and so out of England, I was parted from them; for when the Queen was in Oxford, I had a great desire to be one of her maids of honour, hearing the Queen had not the same number she was used to have, whereupon I wooed and won my mother to let me go; for my mother, being fond of all her children, was desirous to please them, which made her consent to my request. But my brothers and sisters seemed not very well pleased, by reason I had never been from home, nor seldom out of their sight; for though they knew I would not behave myself to their, or

my own dishonour, yet they thought I might to my disadvantage, being unexperienced in the world; which indeed I did, for I was so bashful when I was out of my mother's, brothers', and sisters' sight, whose presence used to give me confidence, thinking I could not do amiss whilst any one of them were by, for I knew they would gently reform me if I did; besides, I was ambitious they should approve of my actions and behaviour, that when I was gone from them, I was like one that had no foundation to stand, or guide to direct me, which made me afraid lest I should wander with ignorance out of the ways of honour, so that I knew not how to behave myself. Besides, I had heard that the world is apt to lay aspersions even on the innocent, for which I durst neither look up with my eyes, nor speak, nor be any way sociable, insomuch as I was thought a natural fool; indeed I had not much wit, yet I was not an idiot, my wit was according to my years; and though I might have learnt more wit, and advanced my understanding by living in a court, yet being dull, fearful, and bashful, I neither heeded what was said or practised, but just what belonged to my loyal duty, and my own honest reputation; and, indeed, I was so afraid to dishonour my friends and family by my indiscreet actions, that I rather chose to be accounted a fool, than to be thought rude or wanton; in truth, my bashfulness and fears made me repent my going from home to see the

world abroad, and much I did desire to return to my mother again, or to my sister Pye, with whom I often lived when she was in London, and loved with a supernatural affection: but my mother advised me there to stay, although I put her to more charges than if she had kept me at home, and the more, by reason she and my brothers were sequestered from their estates, and plundered of all their goods; yet she maintained me so, that I was in a condition rather to lend than to borrow, which courtiers usually are not, being always necessitated by reason of great expenses courts put them to. But my mother said, it would be a disgrace for me to return out of the court so soon after I was placed; so I continued almost two years, until such time as I was married from thence; for my Lord Marquis of Newcastle did approve of those bashful fears which many condemned, and would choose such a wife as he might bring to his own humours, and not such an one as was wedded to self-conceit, or one that had been tempered to the humours of another; for which he wooed me for his wife; and though I did dread marriage, and shunned men's companies as much as I could, yet I could not, nor had not the power to refuse him, by reason my affections were fixed on him, and he was the only person I ever was in love with. Neither was I ashamed to own it, but gloried therein, for it was not amorous love, I never was infected therewith; it

INVICTISS. GVLIELM. CAVENDISH MARCH. ET COM. NOVI CASTRI VICOM. MANSFELD. DOM. OGLE. BAR. BOTTLE & CAVAREE PERSICEL. LOVAS. REG. MAGNÆ BRITAN. PRIMIS CVBICVLAR. CONSILIAR. ET DVX GENERALIS.
Vorstermans. fecit.

is a disease, or a passion, or both, I only know by relation, not by experience; neither could title, wealth, power, or person entice me to love; but my love was honest and honourable, being placed upon merit, which affection joyed at the fame of his worth, pleased with delight in his wit, proud of the respect he used to me, and triumphing in the affections he profest for me, which affections he hath confirmed to me by a deed of time, sealed by constancy, and assigned by an unalterable decree of his promise; which makes me happy in despight of Fortune's frowns; for though misfortunes may and do oft dissolve base, wild, loose, and ungrounded affections, yet She hath no power of those that are united either by merit, justice, gratitude, duty, fidelity, or the like; and though my lord hath lost his estate, and banished out of his country for his loyalty to his king and country, yet neither despised Poverty, nor pinching Necessity could make him break the bonds of friendship, or weaken his loyal duty to his king or country.[k]

But not only the family I am linkt to is ruined, but the family from which I sprung, by these unhappy wars; which ruin my mother lived to see, and then died, having

[k] The whole of this long passage is in sentiment, and in the spirit of the language, (though some of the parts of it are awkwardly constructed) highly amiable, eloquent, and affecting.

lived a widow many years, for she never forgot my father so as to marry again; indeed, he remained so lively in her memory, and her grief was so lasting, as she never mentioned his name, though she spoke often of him, but love and grief caused tears to flow, and tender sighs to rise, mourning in sad complaints; she made her house her cloyster, inclosing herself as it were therein, for she seldom went abroad, unless to church; but these unhappy wars forced her out, by reason she and her children were loyal to the king; for which they plundered her and my brothers of all their goods, plate, jewels, money, corn, cattle, and the like; cut down their woods, pulled down their houses, and sequestered them from their lands and livings; but in such misfortunes my mother was of an heroic spirit, in suffering patiently where there is no remedy, or to be industrious where she thought she could help: she was of a grave behaviour, and had such a majestic grandeur, as it were continually hung about her, that it would strike a kind of an awe to the beholders, and command respect from the rudest; I mean the rudest of civilized people, I mean not such barbarous people as plundered her, and used her cruelly, for they would have pulled God out of heaven, had they had power, as they did Royalty out of his throne: also her beauty was beyond the ruin of Time, for she had a well-favoured loveliness in her face, a pleasing sweetness in her countenance, and

a well-tempered complexion, as neither too red nor too pale, even to her dying hour, although in years, and by her dying, one might think death was enamoured with her, for he embraced her in a sleep, and so gently, as if he were afraid to hurt her: also she was an affectionate mother, breeding her children with a most industrious care, and tender love; and having eight children, three sons and five daughters, there was not any one crooked, or any ways deformed; neither were they dwarfish, or of a giant-like stature, but every ways proportionable; likewise well featured, clear complexions, brown hairs, but some lighter than others, sound teeth, sweet breaths, plain speeches, tuneable voices, I mean not so much to sing as in speaking, as not stuttering, nor wharling in the throat, or speaking through the nose, or hoarsely, unless they had a cold, or squeakingly, which impediments many have: neither were their voices of too low a strain, or too high, but their notes and words were tuneable and timely: I hope this truth will not offend my readers, and lest they should think I am a partial register, I dare not commend my sisters, as to say they were handsome; although many would say they were very handsome: but this I dare say, their beauty, if any they had, was not so lasting as my mother's, Time making suddener ruin in their faces than in hers; likewise my mother was a good mistress to her servants, taking care of her servants in

their sickness, not sparing any cost she was able to bestow for their recovery: neither did she exact from them more in their health than what they with ease, or rather like pastime, could do: she would freely pardon a fault, and forget an injury, yet sometimes she would be angry; but never with her children, the sight of them would pacify her, neither would she be angry with others, but when she had cause, as with negligent or knavish servants, that would lavishly or unnecessarily waste, or subtlely and thievishly steal; and though she would often complain that her family was too great for her weak management, and often pressed my brother to take it upon him, yet I observe she took a pleasure, and some little pride, in the governing thereof: she was very skilful in leases, and setting of lands, and court-keeping, ordering of stewards, and the like affairs: also I observed, that my mother, nor brothers, before these wars, had ever any law-suits, but what an attorney dispatched in a Term with small cost; but if they had, it was more than I knew of: but, as I said, my mother lived to see the ruin of her children, in which was her ruin, and then died: my brother Sir Thomas Lucas soon after; my brother Sir Charles Lucas after him, being shot to death for his loyal service, for he was most constantly loyal and courageously active; indeed he had a superfluity of courage. My eldest sister died sometime before my mother, her death being, as I believe,

hastened through grief of her only daughter, on which she doted, being very pretty, sweet natured, and had an extraordinary wit for her age, she dying of a consumption; my sister, her mother, died some half a year after of the same disease, and though time is apt to waste remembrance as a consumptive body, or to wear it out like a garment into rags, or to moulder it into dust; yet I find the natural affections I have for my friends, are beyond the length, strength, and power of time: for I shall lament the loss so long as I live, also the loss of my lord's noble brother, which died not long after I returned from England, he being then sick of an ague, whose favours and my thankfulness, ingratitude shall never disjoin; for I will build his monument of truth, though I cannot of marble, and hang my tears and scutcheons on his tomb. He was nobly generous, wisely valiant, naturally civil, honestly kind, truly loving, virtuously temperate; his promise was like a fixt decree, his words were destiny, his life was holy, his disposition mild, his behaviour courteous, his discourse pleasing; he had a ready wit and a spacious knowledge, a settled judgment, a clear understanding, a rational insight; he was learned in all arts and sciences, but especially in the mathematics, in which study he spent most part of his time; and though his tongue preacht not moral philosophy, yet his life taught it; indeed he was such a person, that he might have been a

pattern for all mankind to take:[1] he loved my lord his brother with a doting affection; as my lord did him, for whose sake I suppose he was so nobly generous, carefully kind, and respectful to me; for I dare not challenge his favours as to myself, having not merits to deserve them; he was for a time the preserver of my life, for after I was married some two or three years, my lord travelled out of France, from the city of Paris, in which city he resided the time he was there, so went into Holland, to a town called Rotterdam, in which place he stayed some six months; from thence he returned to Brabant, unto the city of Antwerp, which city we passed through, when we went into Holland; and in that city my lord settled himself and family, choosing it for the most pleasantest, and quietest place to retire himself and ruined fortunes in: but after we had remained some time therein, we grew extremely necessitated, tradesmen being there not so rich as to trust my lord for so much, or so long, as those of France; yet they were so civil, kind and charitable, as to trust him for as much as they were able; but at last necessity inforced me to return into England to seek for relief; for I hearing my lord's estate, amongst the rest of many more estates, was to be sold, and that the wives of the owners should have an allowance therefrom, it gave

[1] Sir Charles Cavendish's character is drawn in equally glowing colours by Lord Clarendon.

me hopes I should receive a benefit thereby; so being accompanied with my lord's only brother, Sir Charles Cavendish, who was commanded to return to live therein, or to lose his estate, which estate he was forced to buy with a great composition before he could enjoy any part thereof; so over I went, but when I came there I found their hearts as hard as my fortunes, and their natures as cruel as my miseries, for they sold all my lord's estate, which was a very great one,[m] and gave me not any part thereof, or any allowance thereout, which few or no other was so hardly dealt withal; indeed, I did not stand as a beggar at the Parliament door, for I never was at the Parliament House, nor stood I ever at the door, as I do know, or can remember, I am sure not as a petitioner, neither did I haunt the Committees, for I never was at any, as a petitioner, but one in my life, which was called Goldsmith's Hall, but I received neither gold nor silver from them, only an absolute refusal, I should have no share of my lord's estate; for my brother, the Lord Lucas, did claim in my behalf such a part of my lord's estate as wives had allowed them, but they told him, that by reason I was married since my lord was made a delinquent, I could have nothing, nor should have any thing, he being the greatest traitor to the state, which

[m] I think she estimates it in her "*Life of the Duke*" at upwards of 22,000*l.* a year, which is equal at least to 150,000*l.* a year at this time.

was to be the most loyal subject to his king and country: but I whisperingly spoke to my brother to conduct me out of that ungentlemanly place, so without speaking to them one word, good or bad, I returned to my lodgings; and as that Committee was the first, so was it the last I ever was at as a petitioner; 'tis true I went sometimes to Drury House to inquire how the land was sold, but no other ways, although some reported I was at the Parliament House, and at this Committee and at that Committee, and what I should say, and how I was answered; but the customs of England being changed as well as the laws, where women become pleaders, attornies, petitioners and the like, running about with their several causes, complaining of their several grievances, exclaiming against their several enemies, bragging of their several favours they receive from the powerful; thus trafficing with idle words bringing in false reports and vain discourse; for the truth is, our sex doth nothing but justle for the pre-eminence of words, I mean not for speaking well, but speaking much, as they do for the pre-eminence of place, words rushing against words, thwarting and crossing each other, and pulling with reproaches, striving to throw each other down with disgrace, thinking to advance themselves thereby; but if our sex would but well consider and rationally ponder, they will perceive and find, that it is neither words nor place that can advance them, but worth and

merit: nor can words or place disgrace them, but inconstancy and boldness: for an honest heart, a noble soul, a chaste life, and a true speaking tongue, is the throne, sceptre, crown, and footstool, that advances them to an honourable renown, I mean not noble, virtuous, discreet, and worthy persons, whom necessity did enforce to submit, comply, and follow their own suits; but such as had nothing to lose, but made it their trade to solicit; but I despairing, being positively denied at Goldsmith's Hall; besides, I had a firm faith, or strong opinion, that the pains was more than the gains, and being unpractised in public employments, unlearned in their uncouth ways, ignorant of the humours and dispositions of those persons to whom I was to address my suit, and not knowing where the power lay, and being not a good flatterer, I did not trouble myself, or petition my enemies; besides I am naturally bashful, not that I am ashamed of my mind or body, my birth or breeding, my actions or fortunes, for my bashfulness is in my nature, not for any crime, and though I have strived and reasoned with myself, yet that which is inbred, I find is difficult to root out, but I do not find that my bashfulness is concerned with the qualities of the persons, but the number, for were I enter amongst a company of Lazarouses, I should be as much out of countenance as if they were all Cæsar's or Alexanders, Cleopatras or Queen Didos; neither do

I find my bashfulness riseth so often in blushes, as contracts my spirits to a chill paleness; but the best of it is, most commonly it soon vanisheth away, and many times before it can be perceived, and the more foolish, or unworthy, I conceive the company to be, the worse I am, and the best remedy I ever found was, is to persuade myself that all those persons I meet are wise and virtuous; the reason I take to be is, that the wise and virtuous censure least, excuse most, praise best, esteem rightly, judge justly, behave themselves civilly, demean themselves respectfully, and speak modestly, when fools or unworthy persons are apt to commit absurdities, as to be bold, rude, uncivil both in words and actions, forgetting or not well understanding themselves, or the company they are with; and though I never met such sorts of ill bred creatures, yet naturally I have such an aversion to such kind of people, as I am afraid to meet them, as children are afraid of spirits, or those that are afraid to see or meet devils; which makes me think this natural defect in me, if it be a defect, is rather a fear than a bashfulness; but whatsoever it is, I find it troublesome, for it hath many times obstructed the passage of my speech, and perturbed my natural actions, forcing a constrainedness or unusual motions; but, however, since it is rather a fear of others than a bashful distrust of myself, I despair of a perfect cure, unless nature as well as human governments could

be civilized and brought into a methodical order, ruling the words and actions with a supreme power of reason, and the authority of discretion; but a rude nature is worse than a brute nature, by so much more as man is better than beast; but those that are of civil natures and gentle dispositions are as much nearer to celestial creatures, as those that are of rude or cruel are to devils: but, in fine, after I had been in England a year and half, in which time I gave some half a score visits, and went with my lord's brother to hear music in one Mr. Lawes's[n] house three or four times, as also some three or four times to Hide Park with my sisters, to take the air; else I never stirred out of my lodgings, unless to see my brothers and sisters; nor seldom did I dress myself, as taking no delight to adorn myself, since he I only desired to please was absent; although report did dress me in a hundred several fashions: 'tis true, when I did dress myself, I did endeavour to do it to my best becoming, both in respect to myself and those I went to visit, or chanced to meet; but after I had been in England a year and a half, part of which time I writ a book of poems, and a little book called my "*Philosophical Fancies*," to which I have writ a large addition since I returned out of England; besides this book and one other: as for my book intitled "*The*

[n] Lawes was a celebrated musical composer, the friend of Milton.

World's Olio," I writ most part of it before I went into England; but being not of a merry, although not of a froward or peevish disposition, became very melancholy, by reason I was from my lord, which made my mind so restless, as it did break my sleeps, and distemper my health, with which growing impatient of a longer delay, I resolved to return, although I was grieved to leave Sir Charles, my lord's brother, he being sick of an ague, of which sickness he died: for though his ague was cured, his life was decayed; he being not of a strong constitution could not, as it did prove, recover his health, for the dregs of his ague did put out the lamp of his life; yet heaven knows I did not think his life was so near to an end, for his doctor had great hopes of his perfect recovery; and by reason he was to go into the country for change of air, where I should have been a trouble, rather than any ways serviceable; besides, more charge the longer I stayed, for which I made the more haste to return to my lord, with whom I had rather be as a poor beggar, than to be mistress of the world absented from him; yet, heaven hitherto hath kept us, and though Fortune hath been cross, yet we do submit, and are both content with what is, and cannot be mended, and are so prepared that the worst of fortunes shall not afflict our minds, so as to make us unhappy, howsoever it doth pinch our lives with poverty; for, if tranquillity lives in an honest mind, the mind lives in

peace, although the body suffer: but Patience hath armed us, and Misery hath tried us, and finds us Fortune-proof; for the truth is, my lord is a person whose humour is neither extravagantly merry, nor unnecessarily sad; his mind is above his fortune, as his generosity is above his purse; his courage above danger; his justice above bribes; his friendship above self-interest; his truth too firm for falsehood; his temperance beyond temptation; his conversation is pleasing and affable; his wit is quick; and his judgment is strong, distinguishing clearly without clouds of mistakes, dissecting truth, so as they justly admit not of disputes: his discourse is always new upon the occasion, without troubling the hearers with old historical relations, nor stuft with useless sentences; his behaviour is manly without formality, and free without constraint; and his mind hath the same freedom: his nature is noble, and his disposition sweet; his loyalty is proved by his public service for his king and country, by his often hazarding of his life, by the loss of his estate, and the banishment of his person, by his necessitated condition, and his constant and patient suffering; but, howsoever our fortunes are, we are both content, spending our time harmlessly, for my lord pleaseth himself with the management of some few horses, and exercises himself with the use of the sword; which two arts he hath brought by his studious thoughts, rational experience, and industrious

practice, to an absolute perfection: and though he hath taken as much pains in those arts, both by study and practice, as chymists for the philosopher's stone, yet he hath this advantage of them, that he hath found the right and the truth thereof and therein, which chymists never found in their art, and I believe never will: also he recreates himself with his pen, writing what his wit dictates to him; but I pass my time rather with scribbling than writing, with words than wit; not that I speak much, because I am addicted to contemplation, unless I am with my lord; yet then I rather attentively listen to what he says, than impertinently speak; yet when I am writing, and sad fained stories, or serious humours, or melancholy passions, I am forced many times to express them with the tongue before I can write them with the pen, by reason those thoughts that are sad, serious, and melancholy, are apt to contract and to draw too much back, which oppression doth as it were overpower or smother the conception in the brain; but when some of those thoughts are sent out in words, they give the rest more liberty to place themselves in a more methodical order, marching more regularly with my pen, on the ground of white paper; but my letters seem rather as a ragged rout, than a well armed body; for the brain being quicker in creating than the hand in writing, or the memory in retaining, many fancies are lost, by reason they ofttimes

outrun the pen; where I, to keep speed in the race, write so fast as I stay not so long as to write my letters plain, insomuch as some have taken my hand-writing for some strange character; and being accustomed so to do, I cannot now write very plain, when I strive to write my best; indeed, my ordinary hand-writing is so bad as few can read it, so as to write it fair for the press; but, however, that little wit I have it delights me to scribble it out, and disperse it about, for I being addicted from my childhood to contemplation rather than conversation, to solitariness rather than society, to melancholy rather than mirth, to write with the pen than to work with a needle, passing my time with harmless fancies, their company being pleasing, their conversation innocent, in which I take such pleasure, as I neglect my health; for it is as great a grief to leave their society, as a joy to be in their company; my only trouble is, lest my brain should grow barren, or that the rod of my fancies should become insipid, withering into a dull stupidity for want of maturing subjects to write on; for I being of a lazy nature, and not of an active disposition, as some are that love to journey from town to town, from place to place, from house to house, delighting in variety of company, making still one where the greatest number is; likewise in playing at cards, or any other games, in which I neither have practised, nor have I any skill therein: as for dancing, although it

be a graceful art, and becometh unmarried persons well, yet for those that are married, it is too light an action, disagreeing with the gravity thereof; and for revelling I am of too dull a nature to make one in a merry society; as for feasting, it would neither agree with my humour or constitution, for my diet is for the most part sparing, as a little boiled chicken, or the like, my drink most commonly water, for though I have an indifferent good appetite, yet I do often fast, out of an opinion that if I should eat much, and exercise little, which I do, only walking a slow pace in my chamber, whilst my thoughts run apace in my brain, so that the motions of my mind hinders the active exercises of my body; for should I dance or run, or walk apace, I should dance my thoughts out of measure, run my fancies out of breath, and tread out the feet of my numbers; but because I would not bury myself quite from the sight of the world, I go sometimes abroad, seldom to visit, but only in my coach about the town, or about some of the streets, which we call here a tour, where all the chief of the town go to see and to be seen; likewise all strangers of what quality soever, as all great princes or queens that make any short stay: for this town being a passage or thoroughfare to most parts, causeth many times persons of great quality to be here, though not as inhabitants, yet to lodge for some short time; and all such, as I said, take a delight, or at least go to see the

custom thereof, which most cities of note in Europe, for all I can hear, hath such like recreations for the effeminate sex, although for my part I had rather sit at home and write, or walk, as I said, in my chamber and contemplate; but I hold necessary sometimes to appear abroad: besides I do find, that several objects do bring new materials for my thoughts and fancies to build upon; yet I must say this in the behalf of my thoughts, that I never found them idle; for if the senses brings no work in, they will work of themselves, like silk-worms that spins out of their own bowels: neither can I say I think the time tedious when I am alone, so I be near my lord, and know he his well. But now I have declared to my readers my birth, breeding, and actions, to this part of my life, I mean the material parts, for should I write every particular, as my childish sports and the like, it would be ridiculous and tedious; but I have been honourably born and nobly matched; I have been bred to elevated thoughts, not to a dejected spirit; my life hath been ruled with honesty, attended by modesty, and directed by truth: but since I have writ in general thus far of my life, I think if fit I should speak something of my humour, particularly practice and disposition; as for my humour, I was from my childhood given to contemplation, being more take nor delighted with thoughts than in conversation with a society, insomuch as I would walk two or

three hours, and never rest, in a musing, considering, contemplating manner, reasoning wi h myself of every thing my senses did present; but when I was in the company of my natural friends, I was very attentive of what they said or did; but for strangers I regarded not much what they said, but many times I did observe their actions, whereupon my reason as judge, and my thoughts as accusers, or excusers, or approvers and commenders, did plead, or appeal to accuse, or complain thereto; also I never took delight in closets, or cabinets of toys, but in the variety of fine clothes, and such toys as only were to adorn my person: likewise I had a natural stupidity towards the learning of any other language than my native tongue, for I could sooner and with more facility understand the sense than remember the words, and for want of such memory makes me so unlearned in foreign languages as I am: as for my practice, I was never very active, by reason I was given so much to contemplation; besides, my brothers and sisters were for the most part serious, and staid in their actions, not given to sport nor play, nor dance about, whose company I keeping, made me so too: but I observed, that although their actions were staid, yet they would be very merry amongst themselves, delighting in each others' company: also they would in their discourse express the general actions of the world, judging, condemning, approving, commending, as they thought good, and

with those that were innocently harmless, they would make themselves merry therewith; as for my study of books it was little, yet I chose rather to read, than to employ my time in any other work, or practice, and when I read what I understood not, I would ask my brother, the Lord Lucas, he being learned, the sense or meaning thereof; but my serious study could not be much, by reason I took great delight in attiring, fine dressing, and fashions, especially such fashions as I did invent myself, not taking that pleasure in such fashions as was invented by others: also I did dislike any should follow my fashions, for I always took delight in a singularity, even in accoutrements of habits; but whatsoever I was addicted to, either in fashion of clothes, contemplation of thoughts, actions of life, they were lawful, honest, honourable, and modest, of which I can avouch to the world with a great confidence; because it is a pure truth; as for my disposition, it is more inclining to be melancholy than merry, but not crabbed or peevishly melancholy, but soft, melting, solitary, and contemplating melancholy; and I am apt to weep rather than laugh, not that I do often either of them; also I am tender-natured, for it troubles my conscience to kill a fly, and the groans of a dying beast strike my soul: also where I place a particular affection, I love extraordinarily and constantly, yet not fondly, but soberly and observingly; not to hang about them as a trouble,

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but to wait upon them as a servant; but this affection will take no root, but where I think or find merit, and have leave both from Divine and Moral Laws; yet I find this passion so troublesome, as it is the only torment of my life, for fear any evil misfortune, or accident, or sickness, or death, should come unto them, insomuch as I am never freely at rest. Likewise I am grateful, for I never received a curtesy but I am impatient, and troubled until I can return it; also I am chaste, both by nature and education, insomuch as I do abhor an unchaste thought: likewise I am seldom angry, as my servants may witness for me, for I rather chose to suffer some inconveniences than disturb my thoughts, which makes me wink many times at their faults; but when I am angry, I am very angry, but yet it is soon over, and I am easily pacified, if it be not such an injury as may create a hate; neither am I apt to be exceptious or jealous; but if I have the least symptom of this passion, I declare it to those it concerns, for I never let it lie smothering in my breast to breed a malignant disease in the mind, which might break out into extravagant passions, or railing speeches, or indiscreet actions; but I examine moderately, reason soberly, and plead gently in my own behalf, through a desire to keep those affections I had, or at least thought to have; and truly I am so vain, as to be so self-conceited, or so naturally partial, to think my friends have as much

reason to love me as another, since none can love more sincerely than I, and it were an injustice to prefer a fainter affection, or to esteem the body more than the mind; likewise I am neither spiteful, envious, nor malicious; I repine not at the gifts that Nature, or Fortune bestows upon others, yet I am a great emulator; for though I wish none worse than they are, yet it is lawful for me to wish myself the best, and to do my honest endeavour thereunto; for I think it no crime to wish myself the exactest of Nature's works, my thread of life the longest, my chain of destiny the strongest, my mind the peaceablest, my life the pleasantest, my death the easiest, and the greatest Saint in heaven; also to do my endeavour, so far as honour and honesty doth allow of, to be the highest on Fortune's wheel, and to hold the wheel from turning, if I can, and if it be commendable to wish anothers good, it were a sin not to wish my own; for as envy is a vice, so emulation is a virtue; but emulation is in the way to ambition, or indeed it is a noble ambition; but I fear my ambition inclines to vain-glory, for I am very ambitious; yet 'tis neither for beauty, wit, titles, wealth, or power, but as they are steps to raise me to Fancy's Tower, which is to live by remembrance in after-ages: likewise I am, that the vulgar calls, proud, not of a self-conceit, or to slight or condemn any, but scorning to do a base or mean act, and disdaining rude or un-

worthy persons; insomuch, that if I should find any that were rude, or too bold, I should be apt to be so passionate, as to affront them, if I can, unless discretion should get betwixt my passion and their boldness, which sometimes perchance it might, if discretion should crowd hard for place; for though I am naturally bashful, yet in such a cause my spirits would be all on fire; otherwise I am so well bred, as to be civil to all persons, of all degrees or qualities: likewise I am so proud, or rather just to my lord, as to abate nothing of the quality of his wife, for if honour be the mark of merit, and his master's royal favour, who will favour none but those that have merit to deserve, it were a baseness for me to neglect the ceremony thereof: also in some cases I am naturally a coward, and in other cases very valiant; as for example, if any of my nearest friends were in danger, I should never consider my life in striving to help them, though I were sure to do them no good, and would willingly, nay cheerfully, resign my life for their sakes: likewise I should not spare my life, if honour bids me die; but in a danger where my friends, or my honour is not concerned or engaged, but only my life to be unprofitably lost, I am the veriest coward in nature, as upon the sea, or any dangerous places, or of thieves, or fire, or the like; nay the shooting of a gun, although but a pop-gun, will make me start, and stop my hearing, much less have I courage to

discharge one; or if a sword should be held against me, although but in jest, I am afraid: also as I am not covetous, so I am not prodigal, but of the two I am inclining to be prodigal, yet I cannot say to a vain prodigality, because I imagine it is to a profitable end; for perceiving the world is given, or apt to honour the outside more than the inside, worshipping show more than substance; and I am so vain, if it be a vanity, as to endeavour to be worshiped, rather than not to be regarded; yet I shall never be so prodigal as to impoverish my friends, or go beyond the limits or facility of our estate, and though I desire to appear to the best advantage, whilst I live in the view of the public world, yet I could most willingly exclude myself, so as never to see the face of any creature, but my lord, as long as I live, enclosing myself like an anchoret, wearing a frize gown, tied with a cord about my waste: but I hope my readers will not think me vain for writing my life, since there have been many that have done the like, as Cæsar, Ovid, and many more, both men and women; and I know no reason I may not do it as well as they: but I verily believe some censuring readers will scornfully say, "Why hath this lady writ her own life? since none cares to know whose daughter she was, or whose wife she is, or how she was bred, or what fortune she had, or how she lived, or what humour or disposition she was of?" I answer that it is true, that 'tis to

no purpose to the readers, but it is to the authoress, because I writ it for my own sake, not theirs; neither did I intend this piece for to delight, but to divulge; not to please the fancy, but to tell the truth, lest after-ages should mistake, in not knowing I was daughter to one Master Lucas of St. John's, near Colchester, in Essex, second wife to the Lord Marquis of Newcastle; for my lord having had two wives, I might easily have been * mistaken, especially if I should die, and my lord marry again.

* It is remarkable that this has, notwithstanding, been the case. See "*The Lounger's Common-Place Book*," vol. iii. p. 898.

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Printed by Johnson and Warwick,
At the private Press of LEE PRIORY, Kent.

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Digitized with financial assistance from
Shri Brihad Bhartiya Samaj
on 20 February, 2020